

THE CANADIAN FORUM

Twenty-Seventh Year of Issue

December, 1947



Milk and the Consumer



Prospects in Britain Today

Simon Paynter

Decontrol and the Farmer

Andrew Hebb

Communism and the Unions

Margot Thompson

Saga of Newfoundland

Phyllis Axford

Memories of Emily Carr

Philip Amsden

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O CANADA

Creeds — The "New" Look is a MUST on this continent; the "Old" Look is welcomed in Britain! Send your last year's clothes to the British Isles. (Advertisement in The Globe and Mail)

Finance Minister Herbert Anscomb . . . told an annual meeting of the Victoria Provincial Progressive Conservative Association Friday . . . "It is evident . . . that we have lost contact with the thinking people of the province." (Victoria Daily Times)

To parade effectively in the face of rising prices, we believe we must start marching in the opposite direction. We pay 100% more for our flour but we only ask you to pay 30% more for your bread. We pay more for other ingredients too—more for sugar, milk and shortening—more in wages, more for delivery. But nowhere have we passed along the full increase to you. We have taken the loss ourselves and taken all the loss we can stand and still keep in business to bake your bread. (Morrison-Lamothe Bakery Advertisement, Ottawa Evening Citizen)

C.C.F. growth in Nova Scotia was criticized by Mrs. R. J. Kelly of Halifax, president of the Nova Scotia association, who commented: "It is surprising to find numbers of a supposedly good thinking people are being led astray." (Toronto Star)

We found particularly that the polls in those sections registered only an insignificant vote for the CCF, while it was in sections where one would not expect to find a high standard of general intelligence that the CCF had its greatest support. For example, at one booth in a high class area there were 142 votes polled, only two voted CCF. In another, where 138 votes were polled, only four voted CCF; at two booths each recording 122 votes, only nine in each case were for the CCF candidate, and in another case the CCF had only eight out of 174 votes. And so on in varying degree. On the other hand in a group of ten polling places in sections where one would not look for the highest intelligence, the CCF had 1091 votes out of 2275, in each case having a higher vote than either of the other candidates. And so again in varying degree in other sections. (The Maritime Merchant, Halifax, N.S.)

[Claire Wallace] Flies to London to Air Wedding. (Headline, Canadian Broadcaster)

Rose Marie Reid's scintillating revue of her latest bathing suit designs not only inspired long low whistles but set movie cameras going at her fashion show yesterday . . . Most spectacular was the Duchess. A Matlasse lastex wired bra strapless. The metallic fabric costs \$39.95, while other prices ranged down from \$20 . . . (Globe and Mail)

While school trustees Monday agreed to grant Victoria High School pupils one hour a year for the purpose of hearing a concert of symphony and classical music there were some objections on the grounds that "it took too much time". (Victoria Daily Times)

As a matter of fact the whole history of the effect of legislation once you pass outside the ten commandments and say to anybody, do this or do not do that, is to make great sections of your community set right out to do the things which before they had no intention of doing. (Hon. Leslie Blackwell in Hansard, Ontario Legislature)

This month's prize of a six months' subscription goes to Mrs. Karel Buzek, Toronto, Ont. All contributions should contain original clipping, date and name of publication.

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THE CANADIAN FORUM

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Merry Christmas?

A passage in the *Christmas Carol* describes how Scrooge saw the air filled with fettered spirits, whose punishment it was to see the misery of others and to be unable to help. One hardly needs to be a ghost to be in their position, and as we light the fires for our Christmas they throw into the cold and darkness outside the wavering shadows of ourselves, unable to break the deadlock of the UN, unable to stop the slaughter in China or India or the terror in Palestine, unable to release the victims of tyrannies still undestroyed, unable to deflect the hysterical panic urging us to war again, unable to do anything for the vast numbers who will starve and freeze this winter, and above all unable to break the spell of malignant fear that holds the world in its grip. Yet Dickens' ghosts were punished for having denied Christmas, and we can offset our helplessness by affirming Christmas, by returning once more to the symbol of what human life should be, a society raised by kindness into a community of continuous joy.

Because the winter solstice festival is not confined to Christianity, it represents something that Christians and non-Christians can affirm in common. Christmas reminds us, whether we put the symbol into religious terms or secular ones, that there is now in the world a power of life which is both the perfect form of human effort and all we know of God, and which it is our privilege to work with as it spreads from race to race, from nation to nation, from class to class, until there is no one shut out from the great invisible communion of the Christmas feast. Then the wish of a Merry Christmas, which we now extend to all our readers, will become, like the wish of a fairy tale, a worker of miracles.

Riding Two Horses

Publication on the same day of belated measures to remedy our shortage of U.S. dollars, and of the Geneva trade agreements, creates such a complicated economic picture that only the most careful and thorough analysis could assess the result with any degree of accuracy. Nothing shows more clearly the topsy-turvy nature of the world we live in than that we should have to welcome both the trade agreements and the restrictions, though they obviously tend in different directions. Our shortage of U.S. dollars is directly due, of course, to the general unbalance of world trade and the fact that exports to the soft currency areas is now of no help in acquiring those dollars. Any measures that tend to loosen the channels of multilateral trade and to the ultimate goal of free convertibility are to our advantage, for upon the recovery of world trade balance ultimately our own economic prosperity will depend. Meanwhile, we are forced to restrict our own freedom of trade with the United States, and our position in this regard should never have been allowed to get as bad as it is; the restrictions now imposed are very belated. Shortages will inevitably follow and the government's congenital dislike of controls not only has meant unnecessary delays, but will probably lead them to put off, as long as possible, any effective system of price or rationing restrictions necessary to ensure fair distribution of goods in short supply. Nor is the loan of three hundred million dollars from the Import Export Bank reassuring. As a sort

of cushion, the loan is rational enough, but its existence may be too great a temptation to a "free" enterprise government and can only too easily lead to again doing too little and too late.

B. C.'s Attorney-General

Mr. Gordon Wismer, Attorney-General of British Columbia, has been appointed Labor Minister to replace George Pearson, resigned. It is generally understood that if Mr. Wismer can administer "Bill 39" so as to save the face of the government, and also appease the militant opposition to the act on the part of the labor unions, his chances as candidate for premier, to succeed Mr. Hart, will be greatly enhanced. Mr. Wismer's first job is to proceed—or not to proceed—with prosecutions under "Bill 39." Under this act a magistrate hearing evidence is obliged to refer certain essential questions to a Labor Relations Board. There being no such board in B.C., Mr. Wismer constitutes himself a one-man board.

Just now Mr. Wismer as Attorney-General is responsible for the prosecutions of various trade unions and members under "Bill 39." Evidence is adduced by prosecutors appointed by Mr. Wismer as Attorney-General. Evidence is presented by officials of the Labor Department appointed by Mr. Wismer as Labor Minister. This evidence must be referred by the magistrate to Mr. Wismer as the one-man Labor Relations Board. Little wonder that Chief Justice Farris stated recently: "This type of act is apparently unknown in any other British country." However, Mr. Wismer has announced that prosecutions of individual union members under "Bill 39" will be dropped. Presumably those against unions as such will be continued. He is also setting up the machinery for a representative Labor Relations Board. It now looks as if Mr. Wismer might be the next coalition premier of B.C.

No Subsidies

A friend of ours, a well-known professional woman, has had to look for an apartment recently. She is becoming more misanthropic with each passing day. "What do they think I am," she says, "a cow to be milked?" Her researches have carried her round some of the best parts of town and among the most superior people. That doesn't prevent them from exacting a tidy profit for the least possible service. "I wouldn't take a woman," they say. Some of the swankiest are on a hotel list, and will take roomers at \$25 a week for short periods. One house four blocks from a street car and miles from any restaurants would take a man without meals, hoping he'd be out weekends and wouldn't smoke or cough during the night. Even her friends tried to help: one offered a back room with shabby and scanty furniture for \$25 a week, another was willing to sublet her attic provided she bought a \$350 frigidaire. The amateurs are all in the racket now for a quick haul. A university professor with his wife and two babies found only two so-called rooms in a basement for \$80 a month, shared bathroom, and the landlady pinched the babies' bassinet when they were out one day.

The same story is to be found all over Canada. It is pretty tough for decent people to bring up families in the

lower-cost districts these days. Social workers will tell you of the pregnant children, the divorces, the neurotic behavior and warped personalities directly traceable to housing conditions, while up on the hill the widow alone in a nine-roomed house "couldn't possibly adjust herself," she says, to having another person in the house. On the other hand, increased rents are certainly justifiable for those landlords who were caught when rents were frozen, and whose coal and other maintenance costs have gone up sharply. Many are operating practically at a loss.

It seems evident that the rent question has got out of hand. At the end of the war 700,000 new housing units were needed. Private enterprise has built houses at prices that stagger even the well-to-do. Families earning below \$1500 are simply out of luck. The government has been urged repeatedly by social agencies and others to use the best methods of construction and prefabrication and help subsidize low-rental housing.

Recently Mr. St. Laurent helped the situation by declaring: "No government of which I am a part would ever pass legislation for subsidized housing." He declared that subsidized housing is unconstitutional and a threat to democracy. But how can low-rental housing be obtained, except by government loans and subsidies which the CCF has urged for years?

Ontario Legislature

The Ontario legislature resumed its session for a few days in October and the annual slaughter of Opposition Bills—most of them from the CCF group—took place on schedule. The Conservatives voted down every opposition measure, in most cases with the support of the Liberals, who introduced no legislation of their own. A Liberal "swing to the right" was notable as they voted more solidly with the government than at any time since 1944. They even opposed measures to improve workmen's compensation and to set an adequate minimum wage, which they had supported in previous years.

Premier Drew showed his impatience with democratic procedures by suggesting strongly that it was not "advisable" for such Opposition Bills to be introduced at all. He would like the Opposition to be as quiet and amenable as his own members, most of whom never open their mouths throughout a session. He flatly refused to convene the House committee on labor, which has not met for several years, or to consider Opposition Labor Bills. He said the committee would meet when the government had legislation to send down to it.

With a premier who becomes daily more dictatorial, it was particularly unfortunate, though scarcely unexpected, that The Bill of Rights Act proposed by CCF House Leader W. J. Grummett went down to defeat with the rest. It would have given statutory force to such implicit rights as freedom of speech, of the press, of conscience, and of association. It would have prohibited racial or religious discrimination against anyone in such matters as employment, education, property rights, or the right to be served in a hotel, restaurant, or other public place. The government opposed it on the ground that discrimination was decreasing anyway—they can't have been reading the papers recently—and that passing laws merely encouraged people to break them. If that argument were sound, about 90 per cent of the legislation on our statute books should be repealed without delay.

No important government legislation was introduced—with the possible exception of an amendment to The Milk Control Act whose immediate effect will be an increase in

the price of milk, and whose long-term effect will probably be to hand the entire milk business over to three large corporations. They already reap half the profits from an industry which, as the Royal Commission on Milk pointed out, "tends naturally toward monopoly."

Winter in Europe

The snows are falling again in Europe. The winter of 1947-48, to which the peoples and governments of Europe have been looking with dread, has begun. The horror of freezing homes and starving people, which Europe has witnessed every winter since 1940, continues.

At this stage in world history, one almost wishes that the Communist charges of a calculating self-conscious American imperialism, which is trying to dominate the world, were true. If they were, Europe would not starve and freeze this winter. Food would be used as a political weapon. The "Marshall Plan" would have been enacted months ago, and the European "friends" of the United States would now have unlimited funds.

Unfortunately, however, the government of the United States, which the Communists call "the executive committee of the ruling class," is controlled by little men who were trained in machine politics. They are more concerned with the battle of November, 1948, which will divide the spoils of office and power between them, than with the battle of Europe. Whether Chicago or New York vote Democratic or Republican is more important to most of the men of Washington than whether Rome or Paris goes Communist, Fascist, or Democratic Socialist.

After months of indecision, Truman has called Congress into special session to consider methods of aiding Europe through the "Marshall Plan." The Republicans who control Congress are, however, determined to "save money and lower taxes" by reducing the already low "Marshall Plan" proposals of the 16 western European nations. Neither the Democrats or the Republicans are prepared to establish the necessary domestic price control and rationing system which is essential if Europe is to be saved from de Gaulist Fascism or Stalinist Communism.

Canadians, however, have no right to cast aspersions on our neighbor to the south. The master of political inaction, who has dominated our politics since 1921, today continues his policy of not acting until the last possible moment in dealing with the problems of foreign aid. Having won the by-election battle of York-Sunbury by an increased majority, Mackenzie King has left on a tour of Europe and England. Our press considers how much we can make use of the Marshall Plan to diminish our dollar deficit, and our foreign trade experts are busy figuring out how to keep oleomargarine out of Canada without displeasing Newfoundland or violating our recent trade treaties, because of the dairy farmers' vote.

Europe may survive this winter, but it will be in spite of, not because of, the politicians of this continent.

Parties in France

The source of the political confusion in France is, as always, the fact that each of France's six major political parties represents a coherent and logical political attitude. Democracy is more stable in a two-party system, where the parties are illogical but workable combines of divergent interests. A good example is the American Democratic party, which represents so bewildering and conflicting array of interests that in theory it could hardly last over the weekend, though in practice it is the oldest political party in the

world. De Gaulle has attempted to build up such an illogical combine on an anti-Communist basis, and he claims that his *Rassemblement du Peuple Français* stands for French interests as a whole as opposed to a Communism representing nothing but a Soviet interest. In practice, however, this means only that de Gaulle's party is the American-interest party, besides being the sink for all the latent or disguised Vichyism, monarchism, fascist clericalism, and other right-wing elements in France to pour into. The best chance for stability in France is for either the Right Centre party (M.R.P.) or the Left Centre (the Socialist groups) to build up such an illogical aggregate including as many big and respectable names in it as possible. As the de Gaullists grow in power (they have won the two largest municipalities, Paris and Marseilles) the Communists are beginning to wonder uneasily if they should not go to the barricades now while they are still strong, instead of letting their opportunity slip and watching their popular support ebb away. The rioting in Marseilles indicates a trend toward a general strike and a sort of cold civil war situation which many Communist leaders are urging. It is clear however that many French workers are supporting Communism chiefly for its nuisance value, and might not continue to support it if it really did become a nuisance.

Sidney Webb

Amidst the screaming headlines announcing political and economic crises throughout the world, it is saddening to observe how little attention was paid to the death of Sidney Webb. For he was one of the last survivors into our age from a happier era which assumed that human beings are capable of solving their problems by reasonableness, by scientific research, by the gradual and peaceful adjustment of institutions to new needs and aspirations. Now only Bernard Shaw is left of that brilliant Fabian group who in the middle 1880's set out to convert Britain to socialism.

The Fabian methods of research, argument, and permeation had a remarkable success in the country of their origin and their influence has spread throughout the western world. By the turn of the century, when the British trade unions were ready to launch into politics, the Fabians were on hand to supply the new Labor movement with a detailed program which is now in our own day being put upon the statute book. Fabianism said nothing about revolution or class warfare; it proposed to continue the orderly parliamentary processes of advance which had characterized the growth of British liberalism and democracy during the past century. By 1923, when Labor was about to take office for the first time, it was Sidney Webb who as chairman of the annual Conference of the party coined the phrase, "the inevitability of gradualness," which has ever since been taken as the best description of the British Labor way of doing things.

Fabianism supplies a more flexible doctrine and policy than any of the heirs of Marx have been able to develop, and is evidently more fitted for the kind of society which exists in the Atlantic world. British Labor has been able to attract middle-class as well as working-class support, to appeal to lawyers, doctors, teachers, clergymen, civil servants, scientists, engineers, technicians, and even private business capitalists as well as to trade unionists, and to combine churchmen, non-conformists, Catholics, and freethinkers in its support. Socialism achieved by a popular front of this kind is proving itself compatible with democracy and freedom. Probably British Labor would have proceeded by these methods anyway. But the flood of Webb books and pamphlets and memoranda made the process easier and

more effective, and gave to Labor that intellectual superiority over Conservatism which is still one of its chief assets.

Palestine and Britain

The question of Palestine becomes more confused every week. Agreement between the United States and Russia on the procedure for partition seemed to bring a solution and Russia actually agreed to give up the veto on questions of UN administration of Palestine. All this was universally hailed as the first example of successful international co-operation since the war.

Less prominence was given to the fact that this agreement meant that the immediate responsibility to maintain order was to remain with Britain, who was to continue to govern Palestine till May 1, when a UN commission would take over until the Jewish and Arab states could be set up. The British refused. There are good reasons for this refusal: in her present position Britain cannot afford the continued drain on her manpower or resources, and the next six months are not likely to be peaceful, with the extremists on both sides violently opposed to partition. The question of Palestine has been transferred to the UN. Let the international organization face its responsibilities now, not six months from now.

Hope of a further compromise should not, however, be given up. A short period of transition for the transfer of responsibility is obviously necessary. Britain herself cannot divest herself of all responsibility, and on Palestine the Labor party knows full well that they gave pledges that were not carried out. Britain's present refusal lays her open to suspicions that she is too prone to appease the Arabs, and Arab leaders like the Mufti whose services to the Nazis during the war are too easily forgotten in some quarters.

There is an influential group in the Labor party itself which has opposed the government's policy for some time. We hope it is not too late for a compromise to be worked out which will save the international plans for Palestine and in this way redeem, in part at least, the Labor party's pre-election promises.



Thumbprints

In mid-October the President of the United States declared, in a press conference and with some emphasis, that rationing, rent and price controls were the methods of a police state. In mid-November, the same President of the United States asked Congress for such powers as may be necessary to reimpose rationing, rent and price controls. Alas! Mr. Truman just doesn't make sense.

* * * *

Adrien Arcand's National Unity Party was, according to press despatches, reorganized in Montreal on November 9. Our Canadian fascists have learned nothing and forgotten nothing and their little fuehrer's first utterance is in the good old Nazi tradition. He is reported to have blamed the Jews for all the ills of the world, and as directly responsible for the last war! One such moron occasions no surprise; but that he should get an audience to listen to him is a matter for serious concern.

* * * *

Those who are inclined to feel that perhaps the government should not be held entirely responsible for the rise in prices, and that economic forces were too much for them, should read a recent speech of Mr. Abbott's in Toronto. The Minister of Finance stated categorically that prices have moved upward almost exactly as his experts forecast them at each step of decontrol and withdrawal of subsidies. That is an admission worth remembering, for the electors will know now where to put the blame. And of course that is where it belongs, with Mr. Abbott and his colleagues. We always knew that these appeals to business to behave were not meant seriously.

* * * *

Recent figures from the British Board of Trade are an interesting commentary on successful efforts to increase production. Taking 1938 production as 100, present production figures are as follows:

Agricultural: Cereals, 150; Potatoes, 222; Sugar Beets, 128; Vegetables, 130; Milk, 120.

Industrial: Coal, 82; Electricity, 167; Gas, 145; Steel, 126; Merchant Shipbuilding, 180; Tractors, 290; Passenger Cars, 100; Trucks, 175; Cotton Yarn, 155; Merchandise Freight Traffic, 130.

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Why They Behave Like Russians

by JOHN FISCHER

is neither a defense nor an indictment of the Soviet system; it is a dispassionate effort to explain the motives and probable future course of a country and a people which we must understand in order to survive in an unstable world. Written in a simple, anecdotal style, this is an honest book which answers many questions that have been plaguing the ordinary Canadian in the months since the end of the war: Have the Russian people turned belligerent? How does the Russian Communist party really work? What is the actual — and potential — strength of the Soviet Union? What lies behind the seeming inability of the East and West to work together in peace? Under what circumstances can we hope for an easing of the present tension?

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Prospects in Britain Today

► THERE CAN BE no doubt that the British government's task is increasingly difficult and dangerous, in the solution of the economic crisis, in its progress toward a co-operative commonwealth, and in the maintenance of its political ascendancy. The municipal elections and the strange case of Dr. Dalton were both seriously embarrassing, and the Opposition has made the most of them. They are not necessarily a threat to the success of the Labor Party in the next general election, two and a half years away: The resignation of Dr. Dalton was the result of a curious but not inconceivable personal lapse of judgment, which, under the exacting British code of ministerial behavior, could hardly have been condoned. But it should be noted that Dr. Dalton's colleagues were ready to condone it, and refused to accept his resignation until the Opposition leaders pressed for a highly superfluous inquiry into the incident. It is ridiculous for the Tories, who thus forced the Chancellor's resignation, to spread the rumors, so prominently reproduced in our press, that Mr. Attlee somehow engineered the affair, that he had long wanted to get rid of Dr. Dalton. Only the willful mischief-making of its opponents could have induced the Cabinet to sustain the loss of his intelligence and experience. This was sabotage in a time of national and international crisis.

The setback in the municipal elections was perhaps more serious. Despite the rather specious explanations of Labor officials, the voters did deliberately slap the government's face. It was a gentle slap, and the decision to administer it must have been easier for the voter to make when he considered that it would have no effect whatsoever on the government's parliamentary majority. Nevertheless, it does show that the Labor Party has a big public-relations job to do, and that the large group of non-socialists who must have voted Labor in 1945 will only continue their support if government policy produces an obvious improvement in conditions by 1950.

The greatest danger in these embarrassments is that they will result in an access of timidity, the usual trap of democratic socialist governments. It was good to read that a "high government source," quoted by the British United Press, said immediately after the municipal elections that the government "intended to carry out its full Socialist program" and "would proceed with the nationalization of illuminating gas, iron and steel, and possibly other industries." The explicit mention of iron and steel suggests that the government's response will be a bolder and more emphatically socialist policy than before—which is certainly its safest course.

Nothing, of course, will keep Britain on the road of parliamentary revolution if the trade crisis is not successfully overcome. The danger here can hardly be exaggerated. The warning of Sir Stafford Cripps in his first press conference after he became Minister for Economic Affairs was calculated to be shocking, but it was none the less convincing. It meant, as *The New Statesman* even more brutally expressed it, "not only that in default of early American help we must expect shortages of an entirely different intensity from any we have experienced so far, but also — and far more seriously — that these shortages, so far from being temporary, look like being of such a kind as to act cumulatively, widening instead of narrowing the gap between our needs and our resources, and setting us sliding down a descending spiral. If we fail to narrow the gap quickly enough by other means, we shall be forced to close it abruptly by measures which will react disastrously

on our productive power. We shall be able to buy too few foodstuffs to enable us to work well, and too few materials to keep ourselves working usefully even if we could work well. In effect, all Great Britain is threatened with becoming a distressed area, such as South Wales was."

The Cripps plan, which is admittedly dependent on a satisfactory development of the Marshall plan, is to achieve an export target so as to acquire an overall balance of payments, provided Britain is able to offset its surplus of exports to the rest of the world against its deficit of exports to the U.S.A.—provided, that is, that countries importing British goods are able to pay either in dollars or in currency convertible into dollars. Imports are to be cut by £208,000,000, overseas expenditures by £100,000,000, leaving £292,000,000 still to make up in the adverse trade balance of £600,000,000. This is to be met by increased exports. According to the plan, this is to be achieved by the end of 1948. It is heartening that such an early achievement can even be contemplated. But planning alone cannot do the job. Clearly, it requires an enormous national effort, on the scale of 1940—and one that will not have the advantage of loyal co-operation by the other political parties. It seems impossible, but one cannot help sharing the faith of the indomitable and very hard-headed Jennie Lee, who in October firmly told a New York audience: "There is not the slightest doubt that with or without American help our people will win through."

Certainly the accomplishment of the government since it took office is impressive in view of the extreme adversity of the times. Social services have never been so extensive or effective before. We have Jennie Lee's testimony that the inadequacies of the national diet are not being allowed to affect children; indeed, at least until the latest reductions, the average national diet was actually better than ever before. Coal, transport, finance, and electricity have been nationalized, and £250,000,000, most of it to be spent in Britain, is earmarked for expenditure on the coal program, which is expected to produce 249,000,000 tons in the year 1951, as compared with 231,000,000 in 1938. A great electrification scheme is proceeding in northern Scotland, and the new Electricity Authority is beginning its work on the rest of the country. Provided the world dislocation has been weathered successfully, British Labor in 1950 will have laid a solid foundation for socialism, and will receive a new and more emphatic mandate for another term devoted to aggressive socialist action toward the co-operative commonwealth.

SIMON PAYNTER.

Father William

"You are old, Father William,"
The young man said;
"I hear you are going to retire.
I fear that the Liberals will suffer a loss
Of most of your ginger and fire."

"In my youth," Father William
Replied to the lad,
"Retire I said that I might
But rumor now has it,
'It may not be wrong
And possibly may not be right!'"

"You are old, Father William,"
The young Liberal cried,
"And seem to have grown somewhat dense.
Your answers seem clear
When you shout them out loud
But later they never make sense."

"In my youth," Father William
Replied with a grin,
"I practised conundrums abstruse
And now that my pate
Is at last wearing thin
I put all my riddles to use."

"They say you sit fences
For most of the day
And sit them for most of the night.
If ever you enter the thick of the fray
It's not too far left or too right."

"I've seen people go
And I've seen people come,"
The old man replied to his son.
"They answered the questions
They often were asked;
A thing which I never have done."

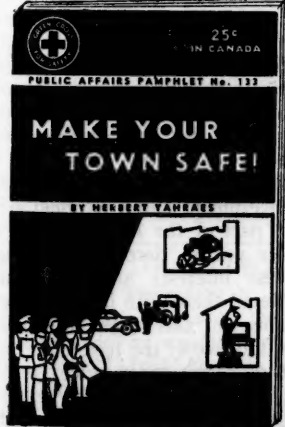
"Oh tell me, old William,"
The young man then cried,
"Is it Claxton or Abbott perhaps
Or Laurent arising along with the tide
Preparing to fill in the gaps?"

The Liberals (capital L though we be)
Must go to the fore once again
Our policy Liberal spelled with a C
We feel is not overly plain."

"We might," Father William
Replied to his son,
"And yet then again we might not.
I fear that your fervor, though happy to see,
Is politically overly-hot."

A program would give us
A plan to be seen
And work that would have to be done.
Yet for fifty years,"
Cried the old man in tears,
"I have managed with little or none."

Thersites.



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Decontrol and the Farmer

Andrew Hebb

► "THE SKY HAS FALLEN" in the past few months for livestock, dairy, and poultry producers throughout Canada. In pocket the mixed farmer is better off than before the war; in spirit he is much lower. During the depression years many manufacturers curtailed their operations and maintained the prices of their products. For instance, the price of farm implements did not drop during those years. Farmers, on the other hand, maintained production and reduced prices. Sons and daughters, sisters, cousins, and aunts returned to the farm. There were back-to-the-land projects. There were more agricultural producers, and the competition of farmer with farmer was uncontrolled. At the same time people in urban markets had less money to buy farm produce. Foreign markets either shut out Canadian agricultural produce or bought it for a song. Farmers sold eggs for as little as 12 cents a dozen, butter for 20 cents a pound, and a bag of potatoes for 25 cents. Nevertheless, most farmers could turn their drudgery into a few cents an hour and retain their sense of personal dignity, and they considered themselves comparatively fortunate among the sufferers from the world-wide economic disaster.

Farm prices had improved substantially by 1941, when wartime price controls became effective, but they were still depressed prices. The government took the attitude that it did not need to worry about low farm prices because farmers had their farms and could not afford to abandon them. Its main objective at that time was to control living costs. Some farmers sold their stock, "seeded down" their farms, and went to work in war industry, but most farmers carried on. The need for food became greater, and the Canadian government, in order to secure greater production, effected some improvement in farm returns, by subsidy and otherwise. The government was now taking possession of exportable food surpluses and was entering into quasi-contracts with Britain to deliver increased quantities of food. The government frankly recognized that farm returns were still not fair in comparison with the returns to industry and with the wages paid in war industry. In encouragement of production the government said to farmers: You have suffered under price ceilings, but in compensation you shall have floor prices in the transitional period after the war. Parliament solemnly enacted in 1944 the Agricultural Prices Support Act, which promised "to ensure adequate and stable returns for agriculture by promoting orderly adjustment from war to peace conditions and to secure a fair relationship between returns from agriculture and those from other occupations."

Farmers thought that a new day was dawning for agriculture. The minister of agriculture, the Rt. Hon. J. G. Gardiner, in January, 1945, explained this legislation in these words: "The Agricultural Prices Support Act provides authority to use, when the war ends, \$200,000,000 to see that farmers do not suffer. . . . The \$200,000,000 is a revolving fund. We may use it to buy bacon and then get it back. Parliament votes money from year to year. The total used may be \$1,000,000,000, but only \$200,000,000 at a time."

"Decontrol" was setting in, and in June, 1946, Mr. Gardiner again interpreted this prices support legislation: "There were to be no quotas on ceiling prices and there are to be no quotas on floor prices. . . . It is the floor price on all you can produce for the transitional period. . . . This is \$200,000,000 for all other products excluding grain."

In the name of the Agricultural Prices Support Act last year, after Maritime potato growers had suffered losses, Mr. Gardiner stabilized the price of potatoes by promising N.B. and P.E.I. growers a price for the spring of 1947 and by finding an export market for the surplus. That was before appointing the three members of the board. Since setting up the board Mr. Gardiner has used it only once, to market a 1947 Nova Scotia apple surplus. If the board has recommended any other action during its brief existence the minister or the government has turned down the recommendation. The chairman of the board has now received another appointment within the department of agriculture, and it is guessed that the "transitional period" during which the board was to function must be nearly at an end. Indeed, the board will lose any direct power it may have to set farm or food prices when the dominion loses its national emergency powers. It will lose any such power without ever having used it!

But possibly there has been no occasion to use such power, or no occasion other than the potato and apple emergencies to draw on the \$200,000,000 voted by parliament (to effect floor prices indirectly). Have there been "adequate and stable returns for agriculture"? Perhaps the adequacy and stability of returns can be measured by livestock production. The reduction of Canada's exports of bacon to Britain from 600,000,000 pounds in 1944 to 250,000,000 pounds in 1947, while partly due to decreased returns (that is, rising production costs), is largely due to higher returns to western farmers for grain. They have preferred to grow and sell grain rather than to produce hogs. Actually, Ontario production of hogs this year, after falling off substantially in the intervening years, approximates 1944 production, but next year it is likely to be away down again. Weanling pigs, which a couple of months ago sold for about eight dollars, are now offered for one or two dollars, or are destroyed. One farmer said that he had drowned a litter. A typical story comes from a Waterloo county, Ontario, auction sale. A farmer was unable to sell eleven little pigs, and left on his truck a sign which said, "Help yourself." When he returned, according to his story, there were fifteen pigs in his truck.

This disruption of hog production (and of egg, dairy, and beef production) results from a drastic increase in the cost of feeds during September and October. An increase in the price of wheat and coarse grain was due the western farmer, and, when fully effective another year, should help agriculture as a whole, but the government, which markets all agricultural exports and closes some attractive markets to the farmer, acted unwisely and destructively when it radically increased livestock, dairy, and poultry costs without adjusting prices at the same time. Eastern Canada farmers, responding to dominion government appeals to produce more livestock and relying on dominion government controls and subsidies on western feed grains, let themselves become dependent on western grain during the war and post-war years. In addition, 1946 was a poor coarse grain year in eastern Canada, and some sections of the west. Livestock producers thought that the government had a national agricultural production policy, as part of the FAO program of food for the hungry, but this year's "decontrol" policies, dictated by powerful business interests and doctrinaire "free enterprisers," have shattered their faith in government leadership. There is disillusionment and anger from coast to coast because of the discontinuance of the feed grain subsidies and the abandonment of coarse grain prices to the speculators of the Winnipeg grain exchange. The removal of coarse grain price ceilings did not come — apparently because of the York-Sunbury by-election — until after much

of the crop had passed out of the hands of western producers into the hands of middlemen, and the lack of co-ordinated action to maintain livestock, dairy, and poultry returns has sent production downward both in the east and the west. Ready-to-lay pullets, which were to have produced eggs for Britain, light-weight hogs, and bred sows have gone to market in discouraging numbers.

Some farm organizations have urged that Canada should, by "grants and loans" similar to Marshall plan aid, put money into the hands of the people of Britain to buy from Canada all the food they need. They dispute Finance Minister Douglas Abbott's statement that Canada has given all the help she can to Britain. They think that Canada must help rehabilitate British and continental markets for Canadian agricultural produce. Canada must give enough money to Britain, either by direct gift or by subsidizing agricultural producers (the latter would be better for Canadian consumers), to enable the British people to pay Canadian farmers a fair price for their produce—a price that will at least maintain animal production in Canada and incidentally maintain farm values. The average Ontario farm—far enough from an urban centre to have no "gentleman farmer" value—can be bought for about what it would cost to build its brick house. The land and barn may be considered "thrown in." An average farm in a typical mixed farming county, with good buildings, "hydro" and running water, had climbed from about \$3,500 in the depression to about \$8,000 in 1946, but has moved downward in the past year. Farm values depend on farm earnings.

The government has not brought about the promised "fair relationship between returns from agriculture and from other occupations." There are wage-earners with lesser earnings and less independence, but, if he is allowed interest and depreciation on his investment, the average farmer receives less per hour worked. Accountants say that he receives less than the cost of production. It is unfair that farmers should receive "cost-minus" prices when industrialists receive "cost-plus." It is unfair that industry should eat up with fancy prices the current Canadian loan to Britain—which in all probability will prove to be a gift from the Canadian people—while farmers receive depressed prices. It is particularly unfair that the government should control the farmer's prices at home and abroad through its absolute control of export marketing, while at the same time it "decontrols" his costs in the name of hypothetical "free enterprise."

Twenty-Five Years Ago

Vol. 2, No. 27, December, 1922, *The Canadian Forum*.

If the men who have foretold the economic disintegration of Europe during the last three years are still to be believed, the mark will continue its fall and the franc will go with it to depths hitherto believed impossible. Whether this will bring the French to their senses in time to avert a catastrophe is doubtful. French politicians, whatever they like to call themselves, are not realists: at least they are not economic realists. . . . France is no more prepared today to accept a solution that will permit the recovery of Europe than she was three months ago, or, for that matter, three years.

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Milk and the Consumer

(The 360-page REPORT OF THE ONTARIO ROYAL COMMISSION ON MILK is available from the King's Printer, Queen's Park, Toronto, Ontario, at one dollar a copy. A "Summary of the Findings, Recommendations and Suggestions" is available at fifteen cents a copy, or ten cents on orders for ten or more copies. Following is a summary of Chapter IX, entitled "Consumption and the Position of the Consumers." The commissioner, who writes here in the first person, was Mr. Justice Dalton C. Wells of the Ontario Supreme Court.)

► THE CASE PRESENTED by those representing the consumer groups before the inquiry was based entirely on need. The only criticism of the existing structure was directed at the distributive end and in the case of certain witnesses there was an implied assumption that lower prices for milk could be secured if certain changes in distribution were brought about. No facts to support this were presented. Apart from the brief of the CCF party, which discussed the situation in many aspects and was most suggestive, the difficulty with most of these representations, as far as the inquiry was concerned, was the fact that, beyond stating that milk was a necessary and essential article of diet and its increased consumption was greatly to be desired, that the 1946 price increases had seriously curtailed its consumption on the part of the lowest income group, there was very little effort made to examine either the reasonableness or unreasonableness of the price increase insofar as the economic factors relating to it were concerned, nor to indicate practical methods of bringing about price reductions. This was qualified by three suggestions. Firstly, that fluid milk should be distributed through publicly-owned utilities; secondly, that government subsidies be renewed to reduce the consumer price; and thirdly, that the Milk Control Act should be amended so as to permit the complete functioning of consumer co-operatives.

As I have said, the case was put principally on the basis of need. With almost complete unanimity, these groups indicated their belief that producers should certainly receive their cost of production plus a reasonable profit. They were also desirous that the deliverymen for the dairies should receive their present or better scale of wages. I do not think I am unfair in saying that there they stopped short. At no time did I receive any adequate explanation of how these costs were to be met, and how the obtaining of cheaper milk could be made consistent with present or increased costs resulting from higher producer prices and higher returns to deliverymen.

Consumer Subsidy

If the retail consumption of milk is to be subsidized, it is obviously a subsidy which would come from provincial funds, and it could only be obtained from the imposition of taxes additional to those already imposed on the people of the province. However the tax to supply these funds might be devised, the consumer would be paying them out of one pocket and obtaining the benefit of them, in accordance with the amount of his consumption of milk, in the other. There is, of course, the inescapable fact that the taxes would presumably fall on those most able to pay them, although this cannot always be assumed, and the subsidy would benefit all alike irrespective of income or financial situation. It was suggested that the subsidy might be limited to those whose need was greatest. The witnesses before me uniformly rejected this suggestion, chiefly on the ground that any such distinction was humiliating, and that where a necessity such as milk was concerned, a means test

should not be required of those who were fortunate enough to be able to buy adequate quantities of it.

There was no direct evidence before me that the 1946 price increase had deprived the lowest income groups of their supply of milk, as was baldly asserted. The only factual data received was a survey filed on behalf of one of the distributors, which recorded the results of a sample taken in the city of Toronto by an organization whose reports, I believe, are reliable. Of the low income group, 26.3 per cent stated they were buying substantially less milk since the price increase. The third income group were also reported buying 25.5 per cent less, while the high income group and the second group showed reduction in purchases of 14 per cent and 13.3 per cent respectively. It is significant, I think, that those with children who were buying less constituted 26.1 per cent of the total interviewed, and those without children constituted 17.3 per cent.

Co-operatives

Section 11 of the Milk Control Act, which prevents a consumer co-operative from sharing its profit among its members in proportion to patronage, was passed as a result of what is known as the milk war in the city of Hamilton. It was obviously quite necessary under the theory that a uniform price to consumers should be fixed by force of law. Apart from this, however, it would seem to have no justification in logic or common sense. If there is to be a fixed price to consumers, obviously co-operatives in the ordinary sense cannot be permitted. In my view, if a group of the consuming public desire to organize themselves into a distributing unit for fluid milk on co-operative principles; and if they have sufficient capital to comply with the health and sanitary regulations, there is no reason I can see why they should be precluded from doing so in connection with such a vital food product as milk. Indeed, it would seem the part of wisdom to encourage them to do so if they are enterprising enough to undertake such a venture. Whether such a venture would be successful, in view of the narrow margin within which the distributing end of the dairy industry has to operate, is, of course, another question.

Milk as a Public Utility

Most consumer representatives seemed to feel that the distribution of milk as a public utility would solve their difficulties. Obviously much depends on the efficiency of the publicly managed milk distributor and the extent to which competition is allowed by private enterprise. It did not occur to any of those advocating this scheme of things that such a public enterprise should be subject to taxation. This may or may not be desirable. Nevertheless, to the extent that such a publicly owned enterprise is free from taxation there is, in effect, being paid by the public at large a direct subsidy for its maintenance. In discussing this point one must presume that no more is raised by way of taxation than is strictly necessary. [The commissioner recommended that municipal milk plants be liable to municipal and provincial taxes but made no reference to dominion taxes.]

One of the most successful municipally owned dairies in the world is located in Wellington, New Zealand. It is noteworthy that the milk department of the city of Wellington pays all general taxes in the same way as a private company would, except income and social security taxes. As far as I am aware there is not a publicly owned milk distributing body on the North American continent except a small one in the state of North Carolina. The New Zealand experiment, which has been highly successful, is most certainly worthy of study. [The commissioner includes with his report, as appendix 22, an 11-page excerpt from the report of the New Zealand royal commission on milk, 1943, and a three-page memorandum dated Dec. 2, 1946, from

the New Zealand secretary for external affairs. The New Zealand royal commission makes criticisms of the Wellington operations but says: "When the milk department of the city council commenced its operations in 1919 the liquid-milk supply to Wellington had sunk to a very low level. The department rapidly improved the position and after taking over retail delivery in 1922 it raised the service to a standard unexcelled in New Zealand and that challenges comparison by any other system in any part of the world." The secretary of state gives Wellington's milk costs, prices, employee wages, income and social security tax charges against wages, cost of various foods and other data.]

The price of a quart of milk in New Zealand cannot be simply expressed as the equivalent of the value of the New Zealand price expressed in the exchange value of that sum in Canadian currency. It is, therefore, entirely fallacious to say that, when milk is produced more cheaply in New Zealand, where production and labor costs are strikingly lower than they are in Ontario, it can be produced and sold in Ontario at the New Zealand price. It would appear that it was a number of years before sufficient profits were earned to substantially reduce the cost to consumers in Wellington. This, I think, is almost certain to be the situation in Ontario. Public or municipal ownership of milk distribution cannot be regarded as an immediate panacea for the evils of high-cost milk. It must, at the least, be regarded as a long-term solution. In any case, in my view, it may or it may not be a solution, depending substantially on the skill of management and on the scope of the operation. My opinion would be that, if public-utility distribution will result in more efficient distribution and lower-priced milk, municipalities wishing to embark on this experiment might well be permitted to do so. It may or may not be a solution. The only proof as to whether it is or not must come from actual experiment.

UAW Convention

Geoffrey Hobart

► IN THE MOST peaceful convention in its hectic history, the United Automobile Workers of America — CIO, have given over the leadership of the union to the group headed by Walter P. Reuther. In addition to re-electing him as president of the 900,000-member organization, the most militant in American labor, the delegates elected his entire ticket for top officers, Emil Mazey as Secretary Treasurer, and Richard Gosser and Jack Livingstone as vice-presidents. Of the remaining 18 executive board members, 14 of them are pro-Reuther.

The issues had been debated and discussed so extensively prior to the assembling of the convention in Atlantic City on November 9, that there was little left to say. The decision had already been made clearly and unequivocally in the election for convention delegates. When the approximately 2,000 representatives of the organized automobile workers assembled in Convention Hall, they were there to ratify the results determined in an unprecedentedly large turnout of union members in the local elections.

The convention was a triumphal march for the so-called right-wing caucus. From the first test vote on adoption of the rules, which set the date and time for electing officers, it was clear which way the convention would move. Though no one was willing to openly admit it, the situation was evidently well in hand, as far as the Reuther group were concerned. Reuther caucuses were cautious cries of triumph, which swelled to full volume after the election of regional directors

on the afternoon of the fifth day of the convention. Addes-Thomas-Leonard caucuses were howls of rage and frustration, permeated with the knowledge of sure defeat.

The overwhelming victory of almost all the Reuther candidates is to be accounted for by the series of blunders made by the opposition, the personal leadership offered by Reuther, and the extent of the organizational job done by his followers. Even the strongest candidate in the opposition group, Secretary-Treasurer George Addes, was able to secure only 2,599 votes of the 7,432 cast.

The anti-Reuther slate piled up blunder on top of blunder in the pre-convention campaign. The proposed merger with the left-wing Farm Equipment Workers last June was such an arrant political stratagem to gain votes for the UAW-left-wing group, and was such an obvious violation of several parts of the UAW constitution, that it was badly defeated. The hiring of an outside publicity man to handle the campaign for the "Unity and Progress" forces of Addes, R. J. Thomas, and Richard Leonard incensed many rank-and-filers who resented such outside intrusion in their affairs. The issues that were raised by the Reuther opposition were either clearly political in intent, or without adequate factual basing, and probably did more harm to their cause than good. The cry of "speed-up" leveled against Reuther backfired among the men who remembered that he had led the fight against piece-work during the war period, when a referendum among the members voted it down.

In spite of the strenuous and constant "politicking" in the union, Reuther was constantly appearing in print with programmatic statements which made sense to the rank and file. He was for expansion of the steel industry to provide more material to the auto industry so that workers would not have to suffer short work weeks due to lack of materials. He was for control of prices to keep down the high cost of living. He had fought with General Motors, though fruitlessly, for a pension plan and adequate insurance for workers. On the other hand, little or no positive program was forthcoming from the opposition.

All of this was capitalized by an organization of right-wing caucuses all the way down the line in the union. Each local, each region had its own caucuses, selected its own leaders, committed to supporting Reuther's program, but with almost complete autonomy in determining who would fill the regional posts. There was little or no explicit promising of jobs, but those with such aspirations knew that a Reuther sweep would mean cleaning out much of the deadwood that has accumulated on the union's payroll, and there would be new possibilities for competent people on the right side.

So much time was given to the process of electing officers that little time was left at the convention for debating issues. Internal union reforms which had been promised were passed, signing of the non-Communist affidavits required by the Taft-Hartley Act was approved by the convention, and several other subordinate resolutions were approved.

In spite of the failure of the convention to go on record on such things as political action and wage policy, the delegates left Atlantic City content in the knowledge that clear and unequivocal responsibility for union policy had been placed in some one person's hands. For the full period since the last convention in March, 1946, Reuther had been unable to provide effective leadership because the executive board was stacked against him. In some measure, the vote for Reuther was a vote against factionalism, rather than a vote for him. There was agreement that the split in the union had to be closed, and the majority felt that he should be given a chance to operate with a united top leadership.

Even among those who have worked hard for the successful outcome of the convention, there is a strong feeling that

Reuther has been given an opportunity, and he must produce, or else "we'll get rid of him like we got rid of the others." In a period which will unquestionably provide an unending stream of major problems, this is not an easy task.

Which direction Reuther will take in his program is as yet uncertain. Some hope exists that the communist issue, on which the right-wing forces capitalized, will now assume minor proportions, and the full energies of the union can be directed toward a positive program. How militantly the new leadership will drive toward an effective over-all economic and political program will depend upon the constellation of forces both within and without the union. Though the left-right issue has been settled in UAW, it has not been settled generally throughout the CIO. Organizational necessities, which have kept Philip Murray from taking a thoroughly positive program, may press upon Reuther to keep him from being as militant as many of his followers think he would like to be. There is some feeling that the rank and file membership are not yet ready to accept a program of political and economic planning of the economy, even where necessary, and that therefore Reuther should not try to push too hard in that direction.

On the other hand, advocates of militant political action, including a third party if necessary, take hope from the election of Emil Mazey, a member of the Socialist Party of the United States, as Secretary-Treasurer. The fears that Reuther might have a yes-man executive board are somewhat assuaged by his presence there. Only four anti-Reuther members of the executive board were re-elected, including Canadian director George Burt, so that the overwhelming majority of the UAW's top body are committed to supporting Reuther. The "threat" of the defeated candidates that they would return to the shops to carry on the fight was not greeted with alarm by Reutherites, but with some satisfaction because "that would keep the boys on their toes."

Mazey, though a supporter of Reuther in the factional fight, has a reputation as a man who is not afraid of disagreements, who will speak his piece, and who is willing to stand up for his views. The feeling is strong that he will not necessarily agree with Reuther constantly, but that the two men can work successfully together nevertheless. Mazey has a long record of driving for independent political action, and will probably continue to push in that direction from his new position.

The UAW has been the first of the major CIO unions to openly settle the left-wing-right-wing split. The direction which it will now take on basic issues, however, remains to be seen. With its reputation for aggressiveness and militancy, the general direction it follows may set a model for the rest of CIO. Whether it pursues a program consisting merely of bread-and-butter unionism, with extensive political action which is limited to specific issues and candidates, or whether it will advocate an overall political and economic program which gets at the heart of things, remains to be thrashed out. The possibilities of enlightened political and economic leadership are probably greater for the UAW than for any other major union. The clearing of the decks in eliminating top factional strife within the union now puts the problem directly to the newly dominant leadership.

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Communism and the Trade Unions

Margot Thompson

► DURING THE LAST YEAR or two a host of magazines and newspaper writers have found the trade union movement on this continent a most lucrative field and have made the most of it, focussing particular attention on the activities of communists within the unions. No one with any understanding of trade unionism believes for one moment that newspapers such as the *Financial Post*, or magazines like *Maclean's* and the *Saturday Evening Post*, have carried the stories out of any love for organized labor or through interest in the welfare of the workers. But whatever the motive, the reports have been substantially correct in themselves. There is no need to examine them or to rehash them, except to say that they have undoubtedly conveyed the impression that the unions are riddled with communism—an impression that is quite erroneous. To state, as *Saturday Night* did recently, that the unions "have been led around by the nose" by communists, is sheer nonsense.

It might be remarked, in passing, that since Canadian trade unionists are fully aware of the existence and activities of communists, both in the unions and elsewhere, it might be more to the point for some right-wing writers to turn their attention to organizations other than the unions: first, in the interests of many ardent "do gooders" who are being used as stooges, and second, because organized workers are in a much better position to decide whether a housecleaning is needed and if so, how to go about it.

There are many left-wingers, outside the unions in Canada and elsewhere, who honestly believe that trade union leaders who take a firm stand against communists are, to say the least, misguided. And in view of the sickening hypocrisy and merciless indifference of capitalist society, it is easy to understand why they feel this way. After all, Russia and her satellite countries, where freedom of all kinds is ruthlessly suppressed, are very far away. Communists in Canada and the United States proclaim their devotion to the working class. They want better housing, better social services, better living conditions all round. Why not play ball with them on many urgent domestic issues? Anyone who has ever tried to co-operate in the real sense of the word can answer that one.

Almost invariably when such attempts have been made in the past, by trade unionists at any rate, the well-organized, well-disciplined communist group has taken control and the main purpose of the "united" front has been forgotten. The ballyhoo begins with communist orators beating their breasts. Then, very likely, follows a "motorcade" to Ottawa, or a rally at Queen's Park, or its equivalent. And the whole thing ends in a cheap publicity stunt—for the benefit of the communists. But the important thing to remember is this. The communists do benefit. They make certain that their speakers make the most noise. And after every burst of ballyhoo a few more people shake their heads and say, "Well, you certainly have to admit that the Commies have the courage of their convictions . . . They really work . . ." etc., etc. It's true. They do work.

Why do they concentrate so much of their energy on the trade unions? And why should they be prevented from gaining control? David Dubinsky, president of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union put it this way. Speaking of the communists in the United States he said: "The unions form their economic base. Without direction of the key

"Why not play ball with them on many urgent domestic issues? Anyone who has ever tried to co-operate in the real sense of the word can answer that one." In this article Margot Thompson contends that Communist trade unionists are party members first.

workers' groups, their other transmission belts would be useless. The workers' organizations are the largest and most vital non-governmental body in the community. They are primarily dedicated to improving working conditions, to raising living standards. They are part of a delicate mechanism of modern life, the core of human engineering. The influence of organized labor reaches far beyond its 13,000,000 members or their families . . . The communists are not an integral part of the structure because the spirit and aims of totalitarian communism are totally distinct from and hostile to the ideas and policies of free trade unionism. . . . Communism, in unions and other organizations, is conspiratorial. It aims to establish the one-party state as the sole power over all groups. The unions, they are convinced, are the stepping stones to this goal."¹

There is no doubt that communist influence is out of all proportion to actual membership in the unions. Even at that, the influence is less than the general public is encouraged to believe. I should be very surprised if the number of communists in the Canadian trade union movement exceeded one per cent of the total. But the great majority of communists are active. They are well-disciplined. And they accept discipline because of a dynamic that springs from the conviction that they and thousands like them in other countries are working toward the same goal, with Soviet Russia, the spiritual Motherland, leading the way. No criticism of the Motherland can be tolerated. In a recent interview, Arthur Koestler, once a communist, was asked why "millions of people look to the Soviet Union as a paradise on earth." "This enlightened age," he replied, "has slowly destroyed in the masses all faith, all belief in moral values. Since 1789, the emotional and metaphysical roots of the masses have withered away. Now these rootless men have found a new hope. Once these emotional roots have been solidified, it becomes as difficult to cut them with logical arguments as it is to dislodge a firm believer in the church . . . He will find an answer which is nothing more than a rationalization of his unrational belief."²

This is especially true of the rank and file in the communist party. For the leaders there is another force at work. And that is fear. The leaders know that unless they toe the line, for them it is "kaput." And here in Canada that means, in its mildest form, character assassination; in its extreme, physical violence. There is plenty of evidence in trade union circles that what communist influence has existed is definitely on the wane. Two factors are responsible for this. The first is the increasing willingness on the part of trade unionists generally to accept responsibilities in their local unions; the second, an apparent weakening of the communist dynamic.

During the war, each new turn in the "party line" seemed to have the effect of a shot in the arm, as it were. It may be that, drug-like, each of these "shots in the arm" must be a little more powerful than the last and that the latest just didn't measure up. It may be that Moscow is too busy in Europe and the Far East to exert the necessary influence on the faithful on this continent.

¹New York Times Magazine, May 11, 1947.

²Trek, September, 1947.

But the first factor is undoubtedly the one which can be relied upon to bring results. What it amounts to is this: instead of being either apathetic, non-communist, or actively anti-communist, Canadian trade unionists in increasing numbers are beginning to realize that there is a positive alternative. They are developing a trade union dynamic and because of this there is a growing interest in educational activities, in the community, in public affairs.

Trade union maturity can only come as organized workers begin to feel confident in themselves—confident that they cannot only slug it out on the picket-lines, but in the harder, day-to-day job of organization and co-ordination. The vast majority of Canadian unionists are only beginning to know their strength, and to take pride in their union connections. Many of them are only beginning to lose their fear of being known as members of unions. Communist trade unionists are party members first. Their job has been to sell the party line to the unions whenever possible—to carry the ball. In some instances this has not been too difficult. But the picture is changing rapidly as non-communist rank-and-filers of yesterday are shaping up as tomorrow's leaders. They can be counted on to handle the communist problem, and, in the process, will teach the communists, as well as the public at large, a lesson or two in economic, political and social democracy.

Saga of Newfoundland

Phyllis Axford

► NEWFOUNDLAND is old. It has been known to the white man nearly a thousand years, and this, in brief, is its saga. Lief got lost returning from Iceland and reached Newfoundland en route home to Scandinavia. Other Norsemen followed him to the island, more than four hundred years before history records the landing of Cabot in 1497, or of Gasper de Cortreal in 1501. John Guy established a settlement on the island in 1550, and other settlers came in 1610, ten years before the first pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock. Until 1763, the British and the French fought for supremacy and possession. The English, under Elizabeth, won final decision. For more than four hundred years, Newfoundland's saga has been one of the hard life of fisherfolk against the sea, against pirates, and against the threat of foreign occupation.

Newfoundland, the world's tenth largest island, is probably one of its loneliest. For four or five centuries the people have been singing to push back the barriers of isolation, homesickness, poverty, and grief. The songs of Newfoundland are unique and original, among the most beautiful, in many respects, in the western world. A few are disappointing. But on the whole, in a continent suddenly folk-song hungry, the ballads of Newfoundland are refreshingly welcome.

The music world has gone moon-mad about folk songs and troubadours. Burl Ives gets the raves that once the crooners got. And even Broadway is folk-song rapturous, hailing *Finian's Rainbow*, *Dark of the Moon* and *Brigadoon*. For folk music, like legend, wins its own way into the hearts of all, from country to city.

In North America we have witnessed the enthusiastic and systematic revival of folk songs from all parts of the two great northern nations, all parts except perhaps the logging communities of the Canadian West, and the Canadian reserves of the Iroquois. Even today, research is being undertaken by Dr. Leslie Bell on the folk songs of the Great Lakes fishermen and the Ontario pioneers. A number of universities and foundations have underwritten researches

of an advanced academic nature into original folk songs of America.

A few years ago, a Vassar representative, Mrs. Elizabeth Bristol Greenleaf, extended the field by doing a collection of the songs of Newfoundland. She had been preceded by Miss Maud Karpeles of the English Folk Song Society. This summer, two Canadian musicians, Dr. Leslie Bell and Howard Cable, flew to Newfoundland to find first-hand information about Newfoundland's folk music.

Today the oldsters of the island still remember and sometimes still sing the ballads and epics that belong to Newfoundland and relate its romantic story. Sometimes they sing the giddy dance tunes reminiscent of early Ireland, too. But as the older generation dies, the songs of Newfoundland, in their own locale, are dying with them. The young people of Newfoundland are exposed to the radio, and are not singing folk ballads.

Newfoundland today is in a state of transition, musically as well as economically. During the past twenty years, lumbering and mining have been claiming a place of prominence in the Newfoundland economy, once almost exclusively a fishing economy. This means that the men who sang against the sea and the women who sang against their sorrows are being gradually superceded by town folks who work for wages in the pulp and paper mills, or in the Belle Island iron mines. And the fishing families that remain in the outports and outharbors, all up and down Newfoundland's six-thousand-mile-long indented coast, no longer need to hum and sing only the songs their mothers taught them. They sing radio jazz.

Within a year, Newfoundland will undoubtedly settle her way of government, either remaining a British colony, or becoming a self-governing dominion. If the latter, she may remain by herself, or become a Canadian province. However the referendum goes, Newfoundland's present and historic way of life is bound to fade quickly from the horizon. And with it will go Newfoundland's songs and sagas, Newfoundland's real music.

When Newfoundland's future is settled, to be sure, it will not be long until highways are built and natural resources are developed. This will mean that Newfoundland's folk songs, as they were sung when this century opened, will be a matter of history. They will be sung for novelty in the living-rooms of St. John's, not out in Tickle Cove Pond.

As to the songs themselves, Newfoundland settlers from Devon, Dorset, Somerset, Ireland, and the Channel Islands, brought their home songs with them. They have added to them and changed them these last four hundred or more years. They have learned a few new songs from the mariners who came to port, from the American crews, and from the French-Canadian lumberjacks. But the best songs they sing are the songs composed in Newfoundland to celebrate or to commemorate Newfoundland's own saga. They are spontaneous, beautiful, and often rough with the scales and slime of cod, ringing with the slap of sea and with the creak of ropes and mooring chains. There are over two hundred Newfoundland songs of all types.

Many of the best native Newfoundland ballads, of course, tell of shipwrecks or tragedies at sea. These include: *The Bold Princess Royal*, *The Maid of Newfoundland*, *The Blooming Bright Star of Belle Isle*. Americans are sure to know *The Star of Logy Bay*, sung near their army base. All up and down the Atlantic Seaboard, you hear variants of old English folk songs, and you hear them too in Newfoundland, modified to suit the Newfoundland idiom. Such songs include old favorites like: *The Gypsy Laddie*, *William Taylor*, *Polly Oliver*, *Henry Martin*, *Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinore*, *The Cruel Mother* and *Hind Horn*.

Old World ballads, born in England or Ireland, in some cases have survived the centuries in Newfoundland, while they have been forgotten in other parts of America. Only in Newfoundland now do you hear *The Bonnie Banks of Virgie-O*, *Reilly the Fisherman*, *The Sea Captain*, and *The Squire's Young Daughter* . . . unless a few Old World singers in the British Isles still know these songs. They are not sung, apparently, on the North American mainland. Other Newfoundland songs are jolly or silly, like the sea chanties, *A Great Big Sea Hove in Long Beach*, and the work songs, *Haul on the Bo'line*, and the gay *I'se the B'y Dat Builds D' Boat*, or *Are Y'Much of a Hand Abard a Vessel*, *Lots O' Fish in Bonas' Ahbor*. These all belong to Newfoundland, and promise continent-wide popularity, once they are known to radio.

Many of the tunes heard in Newfoundland and out-harbors by the old lovers of folk melodies are tunes familiar in British folk music the world over. But the words are often new, vital, and heartfelt outpourings of Newfoundland experiences. Some Newfoundland tunes are certainly original tunes for the ballads of the sea to be set to. For the sea is very real to native Newfoundlanders, always. It takes its toll, and leaves its graveyard monuments only in the songs and hearts of those who live and suffer by its shores, like the seafarers of Newfoundland.

Memories of Emily Carr

Philip Amsden

► IN HER BOOK, *House of All Sorts*, Emily Carr depicts some of her lodgers and it occurred to me that it might round out the picture if one of her lodgers were to give his impressions of Miss Carr.

It was in the early summer of 1929 that I took the "Doll's Flat," on the same floor as, and next to, Miss Carr's studio. I was then twenty-three. I arrived one Saturday afternoon with my trunk and handbag. It was a lovely June afternoon and as I went down the alleyway beside "the House" I heard what appeared to be some kind of altercation going on above my head. On rounding the corner and reaching the stairs that led up to the studio and my new lodgings I saw Miss Carr at the top of the stairs at one end of a table and a Chinaman, a gardener apparently, at the other, his back to me. They were trying to get the table down the wooden stairs. Suddenly the Chinaman let out an exclamation and jumped to one side, Miss Carr was compelled to let go her end and the table sailed down the stairs with gathering momentum and came to rest with a loud crash on the concrete path.

"You fool!" cried Miss Carr.

"Too hebbly! Too hebbly!" wailed Lee.

Decidedly annoyed, Miss Carr descended the stairs and surveyed the table. Luckily it was none the worse for its voyage and her brow cleared, her face lit up with a smile.

"I am sorry," she laughed, "to give you such a reception. I promised this table to my sister, Alice. Come on, Jack," she said firmly. Jack, a boy of about eleven, whom I took to be one of Miss Alice's pupils, appeared above. "Help us take this over."

I offered a hand, too, and so Miss Carr, Lee, Jack and I carried the table out into the street and round to her sister's house in the adjoining avenue. When we got there, alas, the table would not go through the door, no matter how we manoeuvred it. Emily Carr then called for a saw and sawed a piece off one of the legs. I sawed a piece off the next

one and Lee finished the job by sawing down the other two. We then got the table through the door.

On our return Miss Carr invited me into her studio for a cup of tea before unpacking. This was a large, airy room that took up most of the top floor, with big windows on the north side. Some of her pictures hung on the walls; the big mother totem, an array of totems along a sandy beach, a modern rendering of the forest. I had never seen such pictures before. They gave me a sense of awe, of spaciousness, bigness—of nature felt, seen and understood, and depicted with reverence.

"What do you think of my studio?" she asked me. "It's a queer old place, isn't it?"

I told her I thought it was wonderful. I had come to Canada two years before, an immigrant from London. I don't know what I expected exactly, something big and new. And now I had stumbled on something big and new—the paintings of Emily Carr.

So began a friendship which lasted six years. Miss Carr undoubtedly mothered me. How often there would be a tap at the door and she would be outside with a dessert for my supper or an invitation to spend the evening with her in her studio! We swapped breakfasts, lunches, teas and suppers, though I was always heavily on the debit side. And in a way she reminded me of my own mother. So perhaps it is appropriate that she wrote a story about a pudding my mother sent me. There must have been a gap of thirty years between our ages, yet I was never, in her presence, aware of the gap.

In the winter evenings we would sit beside the fire in her studio and she would tell me stories of her experiences as a girl in Victoria, as a young woman in England and France—and stories of her animals and of the woods and of the Indians. She had a tremendous store of them. As she spoke her hands were nearly always busy. In the evenings she would be making rugs to which, as they wore out, I dedicated my old gray flannel pants. Often she would go down to the basement to fetch Wu, the monkey. As she entered the door she would drop the chain, and Wu would streak across the studio, dragging the chain, snatch something off a table and jump, chattering with pleasure, on to the back of a chair. If I went near her she inevitably bared her teeth and I could never make friends with her. Chiefly I think because I had no idea of how to overcome those bared teeth. Later in the evening Miss Carr would take Wu on her lap and sing and talk to her. Taking Wu's monkey fingers one by one she would sing: "This little pig went to market, this little pig stayed at home; this little one went wee, wee, wee, all the way home." And Wu would nod her head drowsily and go off to sleep.

Her relations with the other lodgers in the two flats below were cordial though she did not hesitate to criticize them to me. Their taste in furniture, hangings and pictures were often "filthy"—and when one of them imported a piano for the child to practise on they eventually had to go. The boy below on the other side was a "great booby," because at the age of ten he still played at "trains." Yet when the old grandmother of this child had to have all her teeth pulled, it was Miss Carr who went with her for company to the dentist.

Strawberries and cream were always "looshius," (and I might say that in many ways, though she apparently despised the English, she much resembled my English aunts in her gay moods). In respect to books she thought Dostoevsky the exact opposite to what I did, in fact he was "beastly." She always read a book to the end, no matter how low her opinion of the author. D. H. Lawrence was "nothing but sex." Katherine Mansfield's stories about husband and

wife were "very interesting." Her prophet was Walt Whitman, though she once confessed to me that in one of his poems (she did not say which) he had disappointed her.

At the coming of the depression she offered a reduction in the rental until such time as I could get a job, my first one having then come to an end. She also with great generosity said there would always be a place for me there so long as she had a roof over her head. I went out to work in the bush for a while, cutting cordwood, with another English boy. Miss Carr sometimes visited our shack, as she loved to go to the woods, and we were not far from Victoria. On these occasions she usually brought something for us to eat and, like most people with passionate natures, she was often unpredictable. I recall she once left us with a big pot of curried sausage. "The old geyser," remarked Ted, after eating it, "can sure cook." I thought this an amusing remark and, in its way, a compliment, and recounted it to Miss Carr on my next visit. She was, to my astonishment, thoroughly annoyed.

Last year, after an absence of ten years, I returned with my family for a flying visit to Victoria. The only accommodation that could be arranged for us was to take our own tent and camp in Mount Douglas Park. This was the last place she had sketched in and as I walked through the woods at dusk I thought of her and it seemed a coincidence that we should have been brought to that spot. I thought of her struggles, of her pleasure in young people, of her devotion to her art, and finally, of her gaiety in spite of all obstacles and exasperations.

Her spirit came to me through the trees as it comes to me now from one of her pictures that hangs on my wall—that strange and unique bringing together of paint and paper so that one is no longer aware of the paint and paper, but of a great and loving spirit.

All Kinds of People

Robert Fontaine

(Short Story)

► IT WAS the stormiest night there ever was. It had snowed all day and now the night was deep blue and the stars and the snow twinkled as the wind howled and tossed snow everywhere. Roger could hear the sharp crunch of the cold snow every step he took. The sound was loud and a little mysterious, as if he were the only person left in a world completely covered with white.

In the mile he had walked he had seen no one but the girl ahead of him on the bridge, now. The wind blew so hard across the bridge that the girl had trouble making progress.

Roger ran to help her as the snow whirled up and almost blinded him. He did not say anything. He put his arm around her shoulder and opened his heavy overcoat in front of her so the snow would not fly up in her face. She said nothing, strangely. Perhaps it was because, like him, she was breathless with the cold and the wind.

When they got on the other side of the bridge it did not seem so cold and wild.

There were more lights because it was near the business section. He looked at the girl's face and saw she was very beautiful. Her eyes were sparkling with the tears of the cold and her cheeks were scarlet.

"That was strange," she said with a soft, tired voice.

"What?"

"Oh, just finding someone out of nowhere putting an arm around me."

Roger smiled. "It was as if we were all alone in the world. It was an odd feeling I had. I thought, suddenly, all the world is dead and white and motionless and I am alone. It frightened me because I had been thinking of death. And it was as if death had come without me dying so that I could see what it was like."

The girl looked up at him and her eyes warmed his in an odd, misty fashion and it was, between them, the way it is once in a great while in the world when two things, knowing their attraction toward each other, meet.

Roger went on, as they neared a bright cafe, "Then I saw you and I knew I was not dead, nor the world. Because if there were two of us why then we could begin a new world."

He laughed a little but not very humorously. She took hold of his arm and they moved toward the cafe. They went in as if it were the most natural thing in the world, as if they had known each a long time and had an engagement.

There was no one in the cafe but the ancient bartender with the great red nose and the dry twang of a voice.

"So there's a few that's alive in the night," he said.

"A few," Roger agreed. They ordered two glasses of brandy and sat at the bar to drink them.

"Did you ever hear such a stillness?" the bartender asked. The ring of the change on the counter was like great bells.

Roger smiled. "It's the end of the world," he told the bartender. "We three have been spared. The girl and I to begin a new world of love and friendship. You, to serve us drinks if we falter."

"Would you be making a different world?" the bartender asked. "We're always making a new and green one when we think of it. But when we act, it is a bit different."

He went to the other end of the bar and poured himself some old Irish whiskey and began to hum a folk song, mumbling small words about having a ribbon to tie in his hair.

"What's your name?" Roger asked. The girl said it was Mary and that she had wanted a drink badly. Roger looked out the window and it had stopped blowing and the moon was shining.

"I was hurt and angry with someone I used to love. I was sick as when a favorite flower dies or a book of poems is torn. I wanted to walk for miles and miles until I was frozen stiff and exhausted and be lost forever. I was sick and afraid and . . ." The girl stopped.

"I know," Roger said. "So it was with me. Well, it must have been or we would not have been wandering on a dark, lost night."

He was quiet and she was quiet and the bartender came up and poured them another drink.

"Funny night," he commented, shivering.

He went back to his Irish whiskey and Roger said:

"I wonder what we would do, you and I . . . What kind of a world we would make?"

"Oh," the girl exclaimed, her eyes lighting, "such a lovely one! A dancing and singing world. The kind of world I dreamed of when I was a little girl on a farm. I wanted to be a singer and a dancer and then to marry a most handsome man and to retire and have lovely children. Two boys, I would want, and two girls, and since the boys would be twins I would dress them alike in bright clothes and merry hats and the girls in gay prints and we would live where it is always spring and summer and grow great red tomatoes and golden carrots and have a cow . . ."

"And flowers," Roger added, "morning-glories and corn-flowers and scarlet pompons and tiny violets and a clear brook to swim in when the days were warm . . ."

They talked of many things; warm, laughing things that were simple and yet so difficult somehow to come by. They glowed and they smiled and they chattered away and in the mirror Roger could see their faces and they were shining and alive, as if it were, truly, the beginning of a new world and the dead one outside had been forgotten at last, its greed and pain and confusion vanished under the snow that covered, at last, all the sins of ages.

The bartender put a nickel in the coin-phonograph and a plaintive small voice accompanied by an Irish harp sang softly of the blind man whose wife, in anger, led him to the sea to drown him and who, running toward him to push him in, missed; and of how she cried to him to save her but he quietly told her he could not do it for he could not see.

Afterwards there was a gay song whose words said:
"I know where I'm going, and I know who's going with me.
I know who I love, but the dear knows who I'll marry."
"So little and so much," Roger said gently.

The girl smiled sadly. "Do you know who you love and where you're going?"

Roger smiled but said nothing. He looked up at the clock and they both saw it was late and they started out together and walked through the dead world until they turned a corner and were on the main street. There were many people about now. Cars went slowly by and trolleys ran, little shells of golden light.

Roger grinned as he noticed he was holding her hand and had not even thought of it.

"The world is full of all kinds of people again," Mary said sadly.

"Yes," Roger said slowly, "and one of them is my wife."

Mary did not look at him, she looked up at the firm, diamond stars. "And one of them is my husband," she said quietly.

They stood still and quiet for a long time, feeling the warmth of each other flowing between them in the cold and Roger thought it was a warmth of stranger for stranger that perhaps would some day thaw the snow of hearts and find a new green world.

"There's my trolley car," Mary said suddenly. "Do you take it?"

"No . . . no," Roger said, "I go the opposite way."

He watched the trolley car as it took her up and away as if it had been a bird taking her to some far-off shining place. Then he turned up his coat collar, stuffed his hands in his pockets and started walking through the old world and home to his wife.

Housing and Community Planning in Canada

(October 1947 issue of *Public Affairs, a Canadian Quarterly*)

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Film Review

D. Mosdell

► LETTER FROM OTTAWA: The average movie-goer in an average Canadian city, and, inevitably, the average reviewer whose geographical range is limited to say, Toronto, lives, cinematically speaking, in a tight little world which, because he has no standards of comparison, at the same time has the illusion of magnitude. An overwhelming majority of the films he sees are Hollywood productions, slick and with a certain superficial finish; he has no access to the actual process of picture-making, and frequently has no contact whatever with people who are working with the medium itself; consequently his criticism tends to be a trifle academic in flavor. Occasionally a full-length English picture comes along, or a Film Board short, or a Canada Carries On documentary; he is aware of a different quality about them, but he is not equipped to differentiate and distinguish between them and the average commercial product except in the obvious realm of conception and interpretation. More and more increasingly his movie world is bounded by the Babylonian plush of theatre lobbies, the synthetic perfume of air-conditioning, furnished with fan magazines, and peopled by shadowy, glamorous film stars leading the most fantastic and publicity-ridden lives imaginable. It is an atmosphere and a world created by big business and maintained by it; a world which finally is boring, but from which there is, in most larger cities, no escape. The reading public which confines itself to the Book of the Month Club News, and, subsequently, the books recommended by it, and that even wider public which does not read at all, but listens eternally to commercial radio soap-operas, live in similar constricted worlds, and probably share the same feeling of undefined unhappiness and boredom, like a rat which since its birth has lived in a box made of mirrors, with little false doors which never open.

It is an interesting experiment to take one of these average reviewers, put him on a train which hustles him through a tunnel of night to a strange new city, whose lights and contours and air are different, and set him loose in it; and to observe that his first coherent thought is a sudden recognition that the old environment was a trap. Here, in the new city, he becomes for the first time hopeful; he runs about sniffing the walls of this new trap excitedly, trying the new doors which have not as yet proved false. The Ottawa film world is perhaps like that; a bigger trap, with more opportunity for exploration.

Ottawa is physically small; it is possible and customary for the adult in search of movie entertainment to be aware of what is playing at each of the twenty or so available commercial theatres, and to be able to get to any one of them with comparative ease. If nothing but *The Jolson Story* is showing, however, it is not necessary merely to curl up with a good book. There is, to begin with, the National Film Society to fall back on. It sponsors two regular film showings, which are presented as a subscription series. *The Film Survey* attracts the specialists, who are interested in the historical development of the cinema, the patterns established by it, and the technical contrasts between earlier and contemporary films. *The Film Society*, on the other hand, supplies regularly the kind of films to Ottawa enthusiasts which intelligent movie-goers in other cities would give their eye-teeth, practically, to see. Foreign films of all kinds are given monthly showings: under negotiation at the moment, for example, are *Day of Wrath*, the Danish masterpiece, *Shoe Shine*, a film of unusual merit from Italy, and a number of short subjects from France, the Netherlands and

Latin America. The point about these societies is, of course, that they are active and well-publicized, and that they are remarkably well patronized by a public which is comparatively large and appreciative.

Then, of course, films are made in Ottawa, and under government auspices. In practice this means that since the artists here are comparatively free from the kind of commercial pressure which has had such a disastrous effect on, say, the Disney studios in Hollywood, a good deal of interesting research and experimentation is possible which need not necessarily pay off, in the box-office sense; and because the personnel is comparatively small, there is not the same cog-in-a-big-wheel inertia about the people who make Film Board pictures.

For the visiting reviewer in Ottawa there is therefore a sense of freedom and excitement; a feeling that Hollywood and J. Arthur Rank have not perhaps the hopeless stranglehold on cinematic entertainment which a constant exposure to big-city moviedom conditions him to accept. Like all protected and subsidized establishments, there is probably a good deal more of the plush-lined rat-trap about Ottawa than a swift survey reveals. But the trap is certainly roomier; what more could a claustrophobe ask?

Recordings

Milton Wilson

► THE QUALITIES which distinguish Toscanini as a conductor and Berlioz as a composer are close enough to make a performance of the one by the other an outstanding event, and the new Victor recording of excerpts from *Romeo and Juliet* (Romeo alone—the fête of the Capulets—love scene) by the NBC symphony is just that. Toscanini's ability to bring out the large-scale balance and development of an entire movement with the same clarity as he molds the form of a short melody is ideally suited to a composer whose forte is not only melodic originality but melody on a scale rarely equalled elsewhere. If one plays over the opening of side two in the present set, one hears an oboe melody which, like some of Mozart and Schubert, is so perfect and at the same time so startling that the question of judgment does not seem to arise: one accepts it and can never forget it. But if this melody startles, what is to be said of the *scene d'amour*, which is a melody like the other but goes on for twelve minutes? Large-scale melodic construction is here at its peak and produces a love scene of which one can certainly say it is worthy of Shakespeare. Both for the music and its performance this set can be recommended without reserve. The surfaces, however, were sometimes unpleasantly scratchy in the copy I used.

Another new Victor set contains the Berlioz *Royal Hunt and Storm* and *Trojan March* from the opera *Les Troyens*, performed by Beecham and the London Philharmonic. Beecham like Toscanini seems to have a particular interest in Berlioz. It is a pity that neither of them can persuade anyone to establish *Les Troyens* in the operatic repertoire. This opera has been performed in England in recent years and at that time astonished many listeners, including Tovey. But the fact that it takes two nights to perform does not make it easy to revive. In the album under consideration the storm part of the *Royal Hunt and Storm* is less effective than the calm which precedes and follows it, and which has a characteristic Berlioz purity. Beecham performs the excerpts with excellent clarity and vigor. Also in the same album is the highly enjoyable *Prince Igor Overture* by Borodin.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Editor: Since my article on Europe's Children in *The Canadian Forum* last August I have visited several of the devastated countries of Europe and found conditions among the children terrible almost beyond description.

There is a frightful shortage of even the barest necessities. Rations are so low that it is impossible to satisfy the hunger of a growing child. In Germany the ration is the same for a ten and twelve year old as for a child of six, and there is no fresh milk for any child over six. The French children are almost entirely without milk and in Austria school children from 6-14 are only given ½ pint of skim milk on their ration, and only then if it is available, which it seldom is. Hardly any of the food available for young children would be considered suitable by our standards. Toddlers are being fed dried turnip and babies suffering from chronic indigestion, owing to a diet of dried peas, can only be given a mash of dried corn or potato.

Everywhere there is an acute shortage of warm clothing and shoes, even in Holland and Denmark. Thirty thousand pairs are urgently needed in Vienna alone this winter or children will not be able to get to the Feeding Centres for the daily meal which means so much to them. In a children's hospital in Graz, Austria, babies with diarrhoea can only be changed three times a day and once during the night because there are so few diapers. There is no oil to relieve the misery of chafed little bodies. Families are forced to live in old air raid shelters and in cellars of bombed buildings. In winter the walls are sheets of ice. Usually there is no running water or sanitation. People are terrified of the winter for there is no prospect of any coal. Needless to say under such conditions, thousands of children will die this winter from hunger, disease, and cold unless help is sent to them at once.

The need is so desperate that I feel I must bring it again to the attention of your readers and ask them to act quickly so that food and warm clothing may be sent from Canada and precious lives saved.

Pattie Turner, Asst. Executive Sec'y.,
Canadian Save the Children Fund,
108 Bloor St. W., Toronto, Ontario.

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22. **THE EDUCATION WE NEED** by Robert M. Hutchins

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The Bread We Eat

There is no faith in sea-shells,
No fair flower in wheat;
This bitterness, destruction,
Is the bread we eat.

The wine we drink is bitter,
Compounded of the blood
Of not one Christ but many,
Who gained no holyhood

From death in dullest khaki
On a cratered beach,
Or those who in the ghettos
Threw life into the breach.

Now the weather changes,
It veers from love to hate,
Stays fixed at this strange neutral,
Not early and not late.

We light the annual candle
And say the dead a prayer,
Drown out the sound of weeping
The strangled child's stare;

Make festival of madness
In those deserted streets
Where death began a project
Which only death completes.

The wine we drink is bitter
Compounded of the blood
Of not one Christ but many
Who gained no holyhood

Though stars still speak their wonder
And trees bemourn their hope,
As we, bewildered, wander,
Beneath the hangman's rope.

Miriam Waddington.

Unmasked

Fingers forever probing the bumps
Of love, of self!—How the hand
Runs over the surface of the alterego
To find smoothness and quick harmony

That others see us at the proper angle,
At the crystallizing moment of molten speech
Where words turn to perfect glittering
Diamonds of truth!

Hard manufactured process
Of some secret formula urging
Perfect platitudes whose sheen
Awes connoisseurs!

Subtle barbs, geometrically laid,
Pique the most self-possessed,
Catch the chink of armor
Like parasites.

The mental-fencing, rapier-thrusts
That tease and slash, parry and advance—
Heathen mystery of masked men:
And yet nothing shields their faces nor eyes.

Nathan Ralph.

Life Class

This is one road,
We have spilt light in the room;
By winding stairways we come,
Through streets where buildings squeeze the night higher,
And the moon travelling down Main Street,
Looks on us with a distant eye.

We have come here;
Out of the blind cocoon of our damp childhood,
The clinging fears and leafy places
Of eyes half-opened, sensing light
But shy under eyelashes,
We have come to this room where the light is spilt in the
centre,
Revealing a question mark,
We seek in vain to answer.

You and I, and you, and you,
Sketch the man in the creased trousers
For two hours every Monday and Wednesday;
Attempt to summon the ghost of wonder,
Hoping to assuage the dead man's pleading,
The strangled artist of our live childhood. F. Zieman.

Small Boys

Small boys are enemies when first they meet,
And bristle with a strange alarm;
Reserved they stand alone and watch
Their elders' simulated charm.

At Christmas dinners long with words
They hatch their grimmest, fiendish plans
For boiling relatives in oil,
And sealing aunts in airtight cans.

Their guarded treasures parents bare;
Indulgent uncles pat their head.
And being youngish once, I know
Those uncles' lives hung by a thread.

Small boys are men too young to vote;
They finance ventures with a dime,
Invest in chocolate and assault
The secret citadels of time. Alfred W. Purdy.

Lovers Lost in the Dark Pagodas

November is the month of tears
And sorrow is the gift of mothers to their young.

The land waits patiently
To take the rain as the last magic token
Of the brooding gods.

The tall pagodas guard the flowers
From the wind

And lovers seated inside
Do not pray.

They can forget their own names
And their month of tears.

They wait for one another always.
Sitting in the dark pagodas
They cannot see the sparkle of sorrow
On the morning leaves.

They only sit and wait
And listen to the winter
Turning the dead land
Into a memory of their desire.

Alex Austin.

TURNING NEW LEAVES

► THIS, WITHIN ITS LIMITS, is an important book*. Its importance lies in its interest and usefulness to the student and general reader. Its limits will be obvious to the rigorous critic and the serious writer. It therefore practically dictates the reviewer's order of business, namely, a statement of what is important, followed by an indication of where the limits lie.

The anthology opens with four "Indian Tales," after which it goes on to include twenty-five authors, each represented by one selection. The range covered is the whole range of Canadian literature: at the beginning are Howe, Haliburton and Mrs. Moodie; at the end, Sinclair Ross, Patricia K. Page and William McConnell. The authors are arranged in chronological order according to date of birth.

In consequence of various differences, which he indicates, the editor expresses the conviction that he is not adding a superfluous volume to Raymond Knister's *Canadian Short Stories* (1928). His conviction rests first, upon the different range and order of his anthology, which thereby makes possible a clearer view of "the historical development of the short story in Canada," and second, upon the all-inclusive, cross-sectional character of the selections, which thereby acquire a social and cultural significance. He further provides, in his Introduction, "a historical survey of the Canadian short story," which he avowedly examines in its relationship to both "the general social development of the country" and "the conditions of publication which existed in the various periods." Finally, he introduces each of the twenty-six selections with a preface containing information, critical comment, and bibliographical references.

An anthology of this nature has obvious utility for classroom, lecture-room and seminar purposes, especially where the emphasis is on social and cultural developments. It should be equally valuable to the general public for the same reasons. It makes representative authors easily available in good twentieth-century print: it provides guidance through extensive and inadequately mapped country: it makes systematic inquiry and planned reading possible. In brief, it is from this point of view the product of thorough thinking, conscientious work, and unusual information.

I now shift to the personal pronoun, enter the realm of critical theory, and straightway raise the question of the Artistic (with a capital A) versus the Human-documentary (with a capital H). I can summarize my case conveniently by reference to the nine-page Introduction that Knister wrote for his anthology. For that Introduction I will claim, to begin with, that on the grounds of its high faith, its modest tone, its critical insight, and its distinction of expression, it deserves a place not only in any anthology of Canadian criticism, but in any anthology of Canadian prose. I will go further: I will say that its validity extends from the writing of short stories to writing of any kind, and that every young Canadian who wants to write should not only know it, but know it passionately. I will go further still: I will say that wherever Mr. Pacey goes wrong, Knister provides the right answer; that wherever the student, or general reader, or professional critic, or serious writer disagrees with Mr. Pacey, he will agree with Knister. And the simple explanation is that Mr. Pacey's treatment and standards commit him from the outset to a March of Time, which in its turn tends to eliminate the quality that Knister insists on—Value as Art.

*A BOOK OF CANADIAN STORIES: edited by Desmond Pacey; Ryerson; pp. 295; \$3.50.

Let me illustrate by the shortest method in the space available:

(1) "It is upon the Canadian people, and not upon the publishers or editors, that the responsibility must be placed. If there develops in Canada a reading public interested . . ." (Pacey, p. xxxvi)

"There are difficulties enough in the way of high expression in any country and in any age. What is wanted is a few talents strong enough to overcome all such things." (Knister)

(2) "To non-Canadians, these stories will serve as an introduction to a nation which is slowly but surely evolving a culture commensurate with its material wealth and power." (Pacey, p. xv)

"We can't lift ourselves by our bootlaces . . . There is such a thing as a Canadian spirit." (Knister)

(3) "Perhaps his chief strength is a painstaking concern for factual detail, which gives to his work a certain documentary interest." (Pacey, p. 222)

"What is known as realism is only a means to an end, the end being a personal projection of the world." (Knister)

(4) "His accurate observation of natural phenomena, his painstaking transcription of every significant detail . . ." (Pacey, p. 132, on Grove)

"... many, many tales containing more or less valuable information in natural history, and no value as art." (Knister, *not* on Grove)

This is only a review: what I cannot say in it with regard to general issues I propose to say elsewhere. Somebody should raise a voice against (1) the identification of Sociology with Vision, and Documentation with Art, (2) the cult of Canadianism as an end in itself, and (3) the tendency of cliques to develop into Mutual Admiration Societies. Let me leave these, and return to Mr. Pacey.

He says of one writer's stories (p. 186): "They are seldom profound in meaning or subtle in technique, but the best of them have an unassuming sincerity." I take this to be equivalent to saying: "He means well." If so, why is he placed, to his own disadvantage, cheek-by-jowl with writers of international reputation, on the equality of one-story-each? If he can neither impress the critic, nor inspire the writer, why does he, and others like him, occupy the further space that could have been given to Morley Callaghan, Duncan Campbell Scott, Sinclair Ross and Raymond Knister, who, in short-story writing proper, impress and teach us most? Is Callaghan truly represented by the one story given him, and Joseph Howe by the one story he wrote?

J. FISHER.

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BOOKS REVIEWED

WHY THEY BEHAVE LIKE RUSSIANS: John Fischer; Musson; pp. viii, 262; \$3.50.

This a very attractive and readable book. The author worked on the Board of Economic Warfare during the war and had to study Russia then. In 1946 he spent some time in the Ukraine as member of an UNRRA mission, where he saw a good deal of the Ukrainians at close range and had some experience in dealing with the Soviet bureaucracy. His book combines a report of what he saw with an analysis of the working of Soviet institutions. His conclusions are convincing because his observations are not one-sidedly either pro- or anti-Russian.

Coming from Texas he found the Ukrainians very much like his fellow-Texans. He calls them Texans in fur hats. The Ukraine was the part of Russia which suffered most from the German invasion, and he gives a vivid picture of how backward the Ukrainian economy is as a result of German destruction. He found little evidence of destruction done by the Russians themselves in their much advertised scorched-earth policy. He was impressed by the efficiency and honesty of the communist administration, but found a lack of trained personnel at the lower levels. Ukrainian agriculture struck him as very inefficient. The Ukrainians themselves are still not too loyal to the communist regime, and the party bosses who run the "autonomous" republic were sent in from outside after many of the local Ukrainian communist leaders had been liquidated at the end of the war. (Manuilsky who is the only Ukrainian we know on this side of the ocean is not a Ukrainian at all.)

He thinks that the main explanation for Soviet foreign policy is fear. But when he sums up on how to get on with the Russians he advises that American policy must be prepared both for a Russia that may be acting on the defensive from fear and for a Russia that may be pursuing an offensive toward world domination. The United States must therefore be patient but must also make it clear that she does not propose to allow the industrial resources of Germany and Western Europe to fall under Soviet control. And whichever hypothesis about Russia is true, the best way of dealing both with communist fears and with communist ambitions is to prove that our own western democracies are capable of achieving a stable condition of liberty and prosperity. Mr. Fischer's book, in fact, sketches out the essential basis of the Marshall plan.

Frank H. Underhill.

CORPORATION FINANCE: C. A. Ashley; Macmillan; pp. 250; \$2.50.

This recently published work by Professor Ashley fills a long-felt need for such a book, dealing as it does primarily with Canadian experiences in corporation finance. For the expert it is an excellent review and handbook; for the student, it is a thorough text-book; for both it will no doubt be thought-provoking.

The book does not only explain clearly and concisely the techniques of business operations, types of companies, incorporation, financing, optimum size, functions and position of the stock-market, and all the other aspects of corporation finance today, but it also explicitly points out certain anti-social activities that may be a part of these aspects of finance. In this latter category is included mention of the misleading prospectus, stock-market short sales and manipulation, lack of any real democratic control and lack of protection for minority shareholders' rights.

That section devoted to an explanation of combinations and monopoly might well have been of greater length inas-

much as the operations of these systems of business—price fixing, artificial scarcities of commodities, etc.—may seriously affect the standards of living of the general public. For these and other reasons a more detailed treatment of the subject-matter of this section would have been welcome.

The summary poses some real questions, such as responsibilities of corporations, initiative in corporations as compared to public enterprise, whether or not corporations, as now operated, have outlived what usefulness they had and are now harmful to society as a whole. There is much food for thought in this section and it is particularly recommended for study by corporation executives. Numerous appendices contain material referring to the subject-matter in the various chapters and offer examples set down in a more satisfactory manner than can be attained through the use of footnotes.

A book on corporation finance might be expected to be rather dry but, on the contrary, Professor Ashley has made his treatment of the subject very readable and not without some humorous remarks when occasion arises. All in all, the book is recommended to those who may have an interest in the operations and ramifications of business today.

W. F. Cleve Kidd.

DEMOCRACY IN THE DOMINIONS: A. Brady; S. J. Reginald Saunders; pp. 475; \$4.25.

This is a very informative and balanced study of the working of parliamentary institutions in Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. Dr. Brady has brought to the task not only his wide scholarship and shrewd judgment, but also the fresh outlook of the first-hand observer, for he visited the other three countries when gathering his material. For each of the Dominions he describes the geographic and economic backgrounds, the basic constitutional structure, the character of parliamentary life and the attitudes and policies of parties.

Of necessity the book is made up of four separate studies, one for each Dominion treated. None of them can be very long or very detailed. But by judicious selection of salient points and frequent comparison of one country with another, the disconnected facts are brought into an orderly whole, and the reader sees the underlying similarity as well as differences of peoples whose inherited constitutional and political machinery came from a common source.

Two of these nations—Australia and New Zealand—are homogeneous. The other two have racial strains and conflicts. The homogeneous ones are far further advanced along the road to social security and economic democracy. Where workers divide on racial lines instead of uniting for economic gain, exploitation continues. Since the racial problems of Canada are much less serious than those of South Africa, we may hope to suffer less from this danger. On the other hand, Australia maintains her homogeneity by a white Australia policy which also weakens the democratic tradition. This bastard child of laissez-faire economics and white supremacy lives on into an era of collectivism where planned immigration, regardless of race, could increase and not endanger the standard of living.

There is much meat to digest in this volume. Among the more quotable quotes I note this, from a prominent Canadian: "In future dealings our public domain must be regarded as including not only the natural resources and facilities with which Canada has been abundantly endowed, but also great national franchises and public utilities. These of right belong to the people and they must be administered and exploited for the benefit of the people." Here is a program for Mr. Bracken; this is Sir Robert Borden speaking.

F. R. Scott.

JOURNEY WITHIN: Romain Rolland; McLeod; pp. 171; \$3.50.

In this book, a translation of the early part of Romain Rolland's memoirs, we are permitted to listen to the complacent recollections of a writer who always congratulated himself on being a genius, a portent. The inflated reputation gained for him by that interminable and pretentious projection of his ideal self, *Jean Christophe*, has largely subsided, and these memoirs will do little to restore it. He acknowledges the moral and aesthetic influence of Tolstoi, but shrugs off any intellectual debt; had he read *Childhood, Boyhood and Youth* with real attention he might at least have absorbed something of Tolstoi's intellectual candor and rigor of self-analysis. But Rolland was a narcissist, and unbelievably vain. The tender "tow-headed boy" of fourteen becomes, at thirty-six, one who "had grasped destiny by the throat and muzzled her," one who, unlike his less gifted relatives, was "able to write and speak, to express himself in public, and to address the world." He is immensely pleased with his own ultimate success.

The most astonishing pages are those in which Rolland lays bare the details of a deep mother-fixation, obvious to all but himself—for he concludes solemnly: "As far as I am concerned I do not believe in the Freudian cosmogony . . . I affirm with calm certainty: that dark continent he describes is not mine. I am of another race . . . May they leave me alone with their myths of Oedipus and Electra." This psychological maladjustment goes far in explaining his marriage disaster, his sense of alienation from the world ("I early recognized that reality was in discord with my wishes"), his "above-the-battle" pacifism, his later politics, and in particular that wishy-washy idealism which clouds his work with a tepid haze.

J. G. Garrett.

CLARKTON: Howard Fast; Collins (Duell, Sloan & Pearce); pp. 239; \$3.00.

If you have any Communist friends, this book would undoubtedly make an acceptable Christmas present for them—if they haven't already bought it. Anyone else probably wouldn't thank you for it.

It is possible to write a good novel expressing a definite philosophy, but if the philosophy is given precedence over the plot and the characters it becomes not a novel but a propaganda tract. *Clarkton* sounds as though it had been written as an entry in a Stalin literary competition. It falls into the familiar pattern of Soviet writing: the Communists are all heroic admirable figures, the non-Communists are despicable rats.

The setting is a strike in the plant owned by George Clark Lowell. The action suggests a morality play in which the forces of good are battling the forces of evil. On the one side are ranged Gelb, the strikebreaker; Cruzon, the plant manager; Butler, the stool pigeon; and Wilson, the police chief. On the other are the Communist party members: Doctor Abbott, a veteran of the Spanish Civil War; Santana, the barber-philosopher; Goldstein, the fat, lovable lawyer; Joey Raye, the Negro worker; and Mike Sawyer, the Communist district organizer. In the background are the non-Communist union leaders and the strikers, who don't know the score.

The portrayal of Lowell, the capitalist owner, is almost ludicrous. He is estranged from his wife, has lost control of his daughter, contracts gonorrhea from a prostitute, assaults the girl friend of his dead son, and ends up by drowning his troubles in liquor.

Howard Fast has written some good proletarian novels, but *Clarkton* indicates that he has degenerated into a mere party hack. The USSR Information Bulletin, reviewing

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Ehrenburg's latest novel, concludes with this passage: "In France, conquered and disgraced, the Communists proved to be the sole force capable of rallying the people and guiding the Resistance. The author presents a gallery of characters—daring, poetic, and courageous—who carry on an irreconcilable struggle against the Nazis and their French collaborators." If America is substituted for France and the capitalists for the Nazis, this could be a description of *Clarkton*.
E. Fowke.

CANADIAN POETRY MAGAZINE: Earle Birney, editor; June, 1947; pp. 51; 50c.

Canadian Poetry Magazine with its 51 pages of poetry and reviews is definitely a "best buy" for fifty cents. Looking over the contents of this issue one can only reflect what a pity it is that there are not more readers; poetry of such fine quality and interesting diversity deserves an audience that would read and select, acclaim and criticize.

If this potential audience could only climb the hurdle of their prejudice against poetry in general they would find themselves reading it for the same reason that they now read novels—interest. Most of the poems in this issue are alive and full of stories, direct and indirect. They offer the reader suspense in emotional terms, if not in terms of time. Although such diversified talents as those of Pratt, Bruce, Ford, Livesay and Anderson, to name a few, are here represented, they come together under the editorship of Earle Birney and achieve the unity possible only to the periodical—that of being fresh, new and timely.

Miriam Waddington.

CANADIAN ACCENT: Edited by Ralph Gustafson; Penguin Books; 30c.

This excellent little collection of contemporary Canadian poems, stories and essays has only recently become available in Canada, but it has been out in England for some time, and seems to have been well received there. Even those who follow Canadian writing with some attention will find many pleasant surprises in the book, and those who do not will find that it is possible (with the aid of a good deal of intelligent editorial work on Mr. Gustafson's part) to obtain a book made up entirely of Canadian writing which is also a perfect week-end book in its own right. I do not describe it in detail, because it will betray its own secrets for thirty pieces of copper.
N.F.

ALWAYS THE BUBBLES BREAK: Irene H. Moody; Macmillan; pp. 39; \$1.50.

Mrs. Moody is capable of fine images and striking dramatic effects, but she does not, according to the evidence of this volume, use these gifts for the making of poems. Only two of the pieces, "Contact" and "Now and Then" attain the level of poetry, although her work abounds in poetic words, phrases and typographical style. It seems to this reviewer that Mrs. Moody's talents would be more in place writing radio continuity or on the stage where the auditory factor is so important.

Mrs. Moody presents some universal ideas as in "Waves," and some interesting psychological situations as in "Misfortune"; but these are only the raw materials of poetry, and will remain no more than this as long as they are not animated by the special poetic force. *Miriam Waddington.*

ALL THIS TO KEEP: Maida Parlow French; Collins; pp. 354; \$3.00.

Good craftsmanship and a lot of hard work have made of *All This To Keep* a pattern for a type of historical novel

of which we need many in this country. It is a good tale well told and brings to life very human individuals as they laid the foundations of Canadian history. There is material available in our libraries and archives and family collections for scores of novels of this type and the more of them that are written, the sooner we will come to sense the quality of the pioneer life that stamped upon us our regional characteristics. The writer has something of her own to say and though she puts it into the minds of a century and a quarter ago it is the fruit of experience transmuted into ideas.

Blodwen Davies.

THE STORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE: R. F. Patter-
son; McLeod; pp. 348; \$4.50.

In spite of its name, this book is a series of thumbnail biographical sketches of about two hundred and fifty English writers from Chaucer on. The author, according to the blurb, is a first-class honor graduate of Cambridge in English, successor of Rupert Brooke as Charles Oldham Shakespeare Scholar, General Editor of the Scottish Text Society, and the writer of several books on literary subjects. With such a record there ought to be something in the present book to disprove the statement that he has no critical sense and can't write for nuts, but I didn't find it. N.F.

THINGS VISIBLE AND INVISIBLE: Martha Bacon;
Longmans, Green and Co.; pp. 56; \$3.00.

There are many praiseworthy qualities in this collection of verse, including an occasional fine suggestiveness (as in portions of "Burd Helen in the Dark Tower") and an awareness of intangible sensations. Unfortunately the favoring of a monotonous tetrameter and the frequent triteness of gift for imitating and building on insufficiently assimilated imagery detract from these real excellencies, as does a facile source material. M.R.G.

THE FLOWING SUMMER: Charles Bruce; Ryerson; pp.
31; \$2.00.

The statement that this is a single narrative poem in blank verse sounds alarming. Actually, it is an account of a boy's vacation with a fisherman on the Atlantic coast, and with its black-and-white illustrations by Winifred Fox it makes a very pleasant book, almost like a child's book designed for adults. N.F.

SAY THE WORD: Ivor Brown; Clarke, Irwin and Co.
(Jonathan Cape); pp. 127; \$1.50.

Fourth in a series of little essays on words, full of recon-
dite and often fascinating information about them. The con-
tents of this book are equal in interest to those of its pre-
decessors, though the author's tricks of style are getting a
bit mechanical. N.F.

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